

VOL 23  
#1

# The Crescent

PACIFIC COLLEGE



NOVEMBER 1911

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**THE CRESCENT**

VOL. XXIII.

NOVEMBER, 1911

NO. 1

**Westward Ho!**

To one whose practical knowledge of American geography has been gained from occasional journeys thru various parts of that limited section of Uncle Sam's domain known as the Mississippi Valley, there comes somewhat of a thrill with the thought of crossing the Rockies and having a peep at the other side of the great wall which Mother Nature has thrown up to keep the old Pacific from deluging Kansas and some of the other "dry" territory "back east." There is the interest which always attaches itself to the sight of new scenes, and none the less of new people. I wish in the beginning to plead guilty to all the feelings which are characteristic of such an one. For many weeks before I left the realm of Hoosierdom I had been looking forward to my trip. I shall not attempt to tell just how far I fell short in my anticipations of the journey itself. Suffice it to say there were a *few* things which I did not expect.

The first thing necessary in making such a trip is



to choose a route. This I did. I made up my mind early which road I would take, which was well—I changed three times, each time to accommodate someone else. Scientists tell us that “man is a social animal,”—so am I. Rather than make the journey of three thousand miles with my own thots for company I allowed my friends to dictate to me, to change my plans without even consulting me, to bring me to the place where I humbly asked “Please, what route may I take?” For further particulars as to why I changed so often, consult Prof. Weesner. The final result was that the Canadian Pacific was agreed upon. Prof. and Mrs. Weesner and myself left Indianapolis fifteen minutes after noon on September 15. We met Miss Beck in Chicago the same evening, at which time I learned that it is a pretty difficult job to recognize a person whom you have never seen even tho you may have received a mathematically correct description. We left Chicago at 6:45 p. m. via the Chicago and Northwestern R. R. Before we had gone many miles we astonished the porter and drew upon ourselves the attention of our fellow passengers by making preparations to eat—a thing which we repeated at intervals throughout the trip. After appeasing our appetites we slept; that is, I suppose we slept. I do not remember of going to sleep but I have vivid recollections of waking up several times. We arrived at St. Paul about 7:30 a. m. and remained there about three hours taking in the sights and writing postcards. Miss Beck bought something to eat, also. I found the state capitol more entertaining. It is a magnificent marble and granite structure, situated upon some high ground which overlooks the main business section of the city. While here our party was increased by the addition of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Morris, who

came part of the way with us, but were drawn aside a little later on by the grandeur of some of the Canadian scenery.

At St. Paul we entered the car which was destined to be our home for a few days. It was just an ordinary looking sleeper, with the usual trappings, including the porter. But when we entered every one of the seats which we expected to find empty was full—brim full of possibilities. They were fairly bristling with them: big ones, little ones, some active, some quiet, others unclassified. At first they were very indefinite. By the time we left Minneapolis most of them had assumed tangible form, as in the case of the section just opposite ours, where a small woman, with a weary expression hanging down over her face, a baby on one arm, a large basket on the other, and a group of children closely pursuing, was, after much delay and many exclamations peculiar to the African race, finally installed by the ebon-hued porter. And then the fun began. There were five of them; i. e., the children. The two oldest were twins, each slightly over seven years of age. From this point the others trailed off in true stair-step fashion, the youngest member of the party being a baby which had probably seen one summer and about an equal number of winters. The boys were placed opposite the mother and baby. The space in between was occupied by the lunch basket and the two remaining members of the family, a boy and a girl. The mother was dressed in light blue; so was the little girl; the baby, not to be outdone, followed the maternal lead. Before the day was far spent I was thoroly convinced of the truth of the Scriptural promise that “your young men shall see visions,” because I began to have them myself. The same gift of second sight seemed to be

the property of others as well, for about this time a young lady came sailing down the aisle with main sail full before the wind and an ensign at the bow which proclaimed her to be one of the "upper ten." She gave one look at the family party in No. 9, and her nose went up to an angle of about forty-five degrees. She snorted out "Ugh! babies and lunch baskets! I can't stand this," and forthwith tacked about and retraced her course. She demanded to see the Pullman conductor, but the porter was unable to find him. In the course of a few hours, during which time she kept the inmates of at least two cars in a turmoil, she was finally transferred to the next car in the rear. However, we received a proper explanation of her conduct when she confided to one of our passengers that she was a victim of nervous prostration and knew she never could stand such a strain on her nerves. Altho she lacked considerable of looking the part we took her word, and from that time on she was dubbed "the wreck." She never let the train stop for two or three minutes without alighting, and this habit of hers came near having fatal results at one time. Just how close the call was must be left till some other time, and had better be told by another.

One of the most fruitful sources of amusement which we had while on the road was inventing nicknames for our fellow-passengers. Thus there was the "Christian Science lady" with whom Miss Beck visited while not reading magazines "swiped" from "Reciprocity Man." Then there was the "fat woman up in front," who later very dramatically earned another title; with her were associated two Canadian girls. The group being waited upon and entertained by a semi-elderly gentleman in a salt-and-pepper suit who

quite unconsciously but none-the-less surely drew down upon himself the sobriquet of "Foxy Grandpa." I can only mention in passing "the man and woman with one"—the "one" causing more profane wakefulness than the "woman with five," the "English lord," who wasted much energy hunting a mail box, the excited comment made by the aforesaid "Christian Science lady" when Miss Beck informed her that our little party contained a pair of "newly-weds," and many other interesting things, happenings and people, a full account of which would make a good sized volume.

No more have I time to describe the beautiful natural scenery we saw; to tell of the broad expanse of Dakota and Canadian wheat fields we passed; to relate our impressions when we first caught sight of the snow-capped Rockies, or later wound about them, now looking up, up, up a bare wall of rock which towered hundreds of feet above us, now gazing with admiration from a superior elevation down into some deep gorge where a tumultuous mountain stream tumbled headlong over its rocky bed, reflecting in prismatic glory all the colors of the rainbow and anon crawling at a snail's pace over a long, spider-web looking trestle or groping our way fearfully thru dark tunnels and miles of snow sheds. The scenery of the Canadian Rockies can be fully appreciated only by one who sees it for the first time after having lived all his life in the comparatively level country of central Indiana.

After traveling four days we reached Vancouver, B. C., where we immediately took passage for Seattle on a boat which we afterwards learned made a journey from the Great Lakes to Puget Sound via Cape Horn. We were on the boat from 10:30 a. m. till 7:30 p. m., that part of the journey being comparatively unevent-



ful as the only incidents deserving mention were the somewhat startling remarks made by an insane woman on board, and the quiet removal of an old-fashioned pistol from one of the gentleman passengers. From Seattle we hurried by a night train to Portland, arriving in the cold, grey dawn of the "morning after."

The day was spent getting our baggage rechecked, most of the time required in this transaction being spent in traversing the streets between the Union Station and the mediaeval structure which tries to answer as a depot for the trains which run to Newberg. Some of our party managed to find time to take a trip to Council Crest, whence as the day was clear, we obtained an excellent view of "old Hood," raising its snow-capped crest in silent majesty far to the east of us. The evening train, after much twisting and grunting, as if trying to shirk the task imposed upon it, finally brought us to Newberg, where in spite of the fact that Pres. Pennington had gone fishing, a warm welcome and hearty supper awaited us, and where part of our crowd was well-nigh smothered under a shower of roses.

WARNING—If you make a long journey don't try to buy fresh bread in Moosejaw, Can.!

M. D. HAWKINS.

### **Lobe's Pilgrimage.**

In answer to the papal call to rescue the Holy Sepulcher from the hands of the Mohammedans all France was stirred with enthusiasm. Rich and poor, nobles and peasants were gathered into crusades to undertake the expedition.

On the morning of April 11th, the city of L— was

all excitement. The troops were assembling in the streets to join their leader at Rheims. Sad, lingering and fond farewells passed between husband and wife, father and child, maid and lover. All things in readiness, the band of soldiers began their march to Rheims. Conspicuous among the crowd of excited spectators stood a stately blond, simply but richly dressed in a gown of softest green. She waved her kerchief in response to the nodding plume on the helmet of her betrothed until the distance made his form indiscernible from those of the rest. With sad yet hopeful heart Helen slowly turned her steps toward home.

Days, weeks, yes months of anxious waiting passed before the crusaders returned. Many had been slain in battle with the Turks and many lives were lost through the hardships of the journey. As they entered the city on their return the same crowds thronged the streets as when they had months ago departed for the Holy Land. High hopes were mingled with fears and apprehensions. All the citizens knew that many had been lost and slain, and each individual was asking himself (or in most cases herself) the question, "Will my loved one return?" Chief among the expectant ones was Helen waiting to catch a glimpse of her lover Donald as the procession filed through the city. She wore the same green gown to make herself easily recognizable by him. With cheeks flushed with excitement and every nerve strained she scanned each passing soldier; and when all had passed and she had failed to meet any glance of recognition her heart beat seemed almost to cease, great tears filled her tender blue eyes and trickled down her cheeks whose rosiness had now turned to a ghastly paleness. With hope and life nearly crushed out she stole to her home unnoticed. When she entered her

father's castle words were not necessary to tell what news the crusaders had brought to her. He would have been no true father had the sorrow of his child not brought sorrow to his own father heart; but still he was pleased too, for he had always desired that his daughter should marry one of the nobility instead of Donald who had no rank whatever.

Arrangements of every sort were made by the parents of Helen whereby her attention and thoughts might be diverted from her sorrow. Many were the knights who sued for her hand, but her heart she had given to one and was never to offer it to another. The gay life of the castle and the attentions of numerous suitors only served to annoy her and she finally begged of her father to allow her to enter St. Cecelia's convent in the village near by. Her request granted, she willingly laid aside all earthly pleasures for the veil.

In the convent she was beloved by all her sister nuns, but even while engaged in the praises of the saints or telling the beads of her rosary her thoughts wandered far to the Holy Land. Perhaps Donald's grave lies near that of the Master, she thought.

After Helen had been in the convent for nearly a year, all the nuns with the abbess made a pilgrimage to Rome. They had been on the way about three weeks when they were overtaken by a band of eleven monks chanting hymns and apparently bent on the same journey as were the nuns. Although these were pious brothers and sisters who were supposed not to cherish any conjugal love, nevertheless curious glances were exchanged between the members of the two groups including the abbess and abbot. When Helen's eyes met with those of the last passing monk the shock and surprise was more than her already fatigued body could

endure and she fell to the ground in a faint. The last monk was at her side before the nuns could offer assistance. The abbess by her mien and manner gave the monk to understand that they would be pleased to have him take his leave, but her attitude was entirely unheeded. The abbess found herself powerless and was compelled to permit the monk to carry Helen to an inn a half a mile further on the way. Here she received medical aid; but her speedy recovery was rather due to the presence of the monk who proved to be none other than Donald from the Holy Land. Through the intervention of the abbess no long interview between the lovers was permitted, but the words which passed between the two were sufficient to inform them what had transpired in each others lives during their long separation. Donald had not returned with the crusade because on the homeward march he was compelled on account of sickness to drop out of the ranks until he should recover. A year passed before he regained his health, and when he returned to find Helen gone, he entered a monastery expecting there to be able to forget his sorrow. In the few words that passed between them they agreed to forsake their monastic vows and a means of escape was planned.

After the monk left the inn Helen's sickness was more feigned than real, and the nuns could not resume their journey until she had fully recovered. The second night of their stay at the inn, Donald returned at midnight but not in monk's frock. Helen, attired in an old dress which she had found in the wardrobe of her room, was waiting at her window at the appointed hour. By the means of a rope she let herself down from the window and was soon in Donald's arms. No time was to be lost in flight for the breaking of their vows in such



a scandalous manner would mean death to both.

At dawn the abbess went to Helen's room to enquire of her condition, but to her horror the room held no occupant. Immediately all the nuns were aroused and excitement reigned in the inn. At nine o'clock the abbot with the monks returned to the inn to enquire about a monk who had been lost from their party. After a short conference there was no difficulty on the part of the abbess and abbot in understanding what had happened. As soon as possible officers were sent out in search of the culprits, but in vain. They were not to be found. But where did they go? It always remained a mystery to the monks and nuns; but wherever they took up their abode two happy hearts were united in truest love.

### Exchanges.

We are glad to have received several of the old members of our exchange list again. All of them come up to their last year's standards and some of them show a marked improvement. Here's hoping that many others will follow their example.

*The Puget Sound Trail*, Tacoma, Washington, and *Vindex*, Elmira, New York, are new numbers to us. Both are good papers and we hope to see them regularly throughout the year.

The following is a list of the exchanges which we have already received:—

*The Weekly Index*, Forest Grove  
*The Mirror*, Wilbur, Washington  
*M. H. Aerolith*, Plymouth, Wisconsin  
*The Puget Sound Trail*, Tacoma, Washington  
*Vindex*, Elmira, New York  
*University Life*, Wichita, Kansas  
*Oregon Teachers Monthly*, Salem  
*The Penn Chronicle*, Oskaloosa, Iowa  
*The Westonian*, Westtown, Pennsylvania  
*The Earlham Press*, Richmond, Indiana.

## THE CRESCENT.

Published Monthly during the college year by the Student Body of Pacific College, Newberg, Oregon.

CHRIS SMITH, '12, Editor-in-Chief.

ROSS A. NEWBY, '12, Exchanges.

BERNICE BENSON '14

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Loyalty has always been the dominant factor in the attitude of the students of Pacific College. It has become one of the traditions of the institution. And in addition to this feeling of loyalty there is manifest this year a spirit of wholesome enthusiasm. It is this attitude of the students toward their work and the various college activities that characterizes true college spirit. It is this spirit that makes a college course worth while. Let's have more of it.



The attitude of a community towards college students is determined very largely by the conduct of the students in public places. Some allowance should be made for the exuberant spirits of a foot-ball team journeying to meet the team of a rival institution. But this overflow of enthusiasm is no excuse for insolence

or rowdyism. The attitude of impudently assumed superiority and disregard for the rights of others so often manifested on such occasions is very apt to be resented. And when this disregard for others is carried to the point of the promiscuous throwing about of articles in a railway car where ladies are present it is apt to add injury to insult. Such conduct not only advertises the ill-breeding and inexperience of those who participate in it but gives the impression that college students on certain occasions consider themselves exempt from the usual requirements of a gentleman. We should be careful not to create such a false impression.



### Y. M. C. A.

The beginning of a good year in Y. M. C. A. for this year was a delegation of eight men at the summer conference at Columbia beach. They were R. Newby, Melvine Elliott, O. Hadley, A. Pearson, Armstrong, Bensen, C. Newlin and Lewis. These men learned new methods and inspiration and are here forming a nucleus for the work. A new man on the cabinet is Mr. Wilson who is getting into the bible study work very nicely.

The boys are nearly all siding in with this christian work and are showing their desire to make it count.

The first meeting was in charge of the bible study committee. They outlined the three courses which they wanted to give, and there was a very hearty response. Over half of the men in College are enrolled in one of the three classes.

Pres. Pennington led the second meeting which was a decision meeting. His talk was very inspiring, and in response to the question "What shall I do with

Jesus which is called the Christ?" twenty-six stood, thus signifying that they would serve him.

At the time this is going to press no mission study class has been organized but we hope to have a class in the Decisive Hour in Christian Missions begin at once.

### Athletics.

In a splendidly played game Pacific College opened the local foot-ball season Saturday with a victory over the strong Mt. Angel team, winning by the decisive score of 10 to 0. Mt. Angel was beaten at every point, and was fortunate in keeping the score so low, for Pacific should have had one or two more touchdowns. Every man on the home team played his game, and the team play was far superior to that of a week earlier at McMinnville. Pacific has now an exceptionally strong team for a school of this size. The line plunging of Richard Williams at full and end runs of Capt. Chris. Smith were the features of Pacific's offence.

Pacific kicked to Mt. Angel in the first quarter. Both teams were forced to kick repeatedly during this session, the quarter ending with the ball in P. C.'s possession on Mt. Angel's 52-yard line.

In the second quarter, Pacific began "eating-up" that 52 yards. They were almost to the goal line, William's line smashes making one long gain after another, when Howard George was penalized for hurdling. This was clearly a mistake of the referee, for George simply went head-first over a prostrate bunch of opponents. This gave Mt. Angel the ball, and they kicked to temporary safety. But P. C. would not be denied, and Capt. Smith soon flashed across the line with the first touch-down, right between posts. Stretch failed



to kick the goal, and the half ended 5 to 0 in P. C.'s favor.

The third quarter resulted in no scores, and ended with the ball in possession of Pacific, again on Mt. Angel's 52-yard line.

At the opening of the last quarter, Lewis was given the ball for a tackle around, and made 40 yards on one of the most thrilling plays of the day. Williams made eight yards on a splendid line smash, Howard George and Capt. Smith playing fine interference. Then Capt. Smith played a short end run when Mt. Angel was expecting a line-buck, and scored another touch-down. Failing to kick the goal, the score was 10 to 0 in favor of Pacific.

It looked like another touch-down sure, when Pacific started a procession down the field, and went to within half a yard of Mt. Angel's goal. Here they lost the ball on downs, however, and the game ended 10 to 0.

The assistance that the High School has given the College by lining up against them has done much to make this victory of P. C. possible, and the help of the High School players is much appreciated by the College players and supporters.

The teams lined up as follows:—

Pacific	Positions	Mt. Angel
E. George	l. e.	Wonderlick
		Terwilliger
Lewis	l. t.	Fick
Benson	l. g.	Cannard
Pearson	c.	Heesacker
		Gilligan
Elliott	r. g.	Meeks
Johnson	r. t.	Nible
		Wonderlick
Stretch	r. e.	Sohler
Hawkins	q. b.	Shinetski
H. George	l. h.	Harbaugh
Smith (Capt.)	r. h.	Furney
Williams	f.	Carson

### Locals.

Mrs. Pennington, Mrs. Weaver and Mrs. Woodward were visitors at the first Y. W. C. A. meeting.

Most of the students and faculty excepted the invitation of the Friends C. E. to a "Thru College in a Day" social. A very enjoyable evening was spent by all but two criticisms might be offered. First, usually at least a small amount of study accompanies a college education. Second, it would not be at all practical or feasible to crowd all the fun in a college course into one night.

E. George—Soliloquizing as he wrote the sixth copy in German script. (See copybook.) "Pleasures fly in summer."

Miss Beck's vacation in Highland, Ohio, was saddened by the sudden death of her father, soon after her return home. We all wish to offer her our sincere sympathy.

Though Prof. Weesner is somewhat familiar with Oregon weather, and Mrs. Weesner had been told what to expect, they were both surprised at the "unusual shower" which occurred on the evening of the 9th between 6:30 and 7:30 p. m. The shower was composed of such things as rolling pins, mouse-traps, paring knives, pans, pins, etc. The acting force was the "Dorm Bunch."

The Philologic Literary Society of the Academy has been reorganized with officers as follows: Edgar Pearson, President; Clarence Jones, Vice President; Myrtle Mills, Secretary. This society did excellent work last year and we are pleased to see the early interest manifested this year.

Positively no communication allowed in the library. (Prof.'s excepted.)

The increased attendance has made it necessary to add several new seats to the study room. This speaks well for old P. C.

On account of their mother's illness Jean and Jack Denovan were unable to start in at the beginning of the school year but expect to be here in a few days.

The College music year was opened September 29 by a public recital given by Professor and Mrs. Hull in the college auditorium. The program consisted of vocal, piano and violincello solos and string trios, Miss Dorothy Hull assisting at the piano. Probably the best liked number was "The Death Dance" by St. Saene. The rendering of Schumann's Traumeree as a 'cello solo was very pleasing as the melody was so familiar to many of the audience. The string trios as is always the case were greatly enjoyed. The attendance was large and a very profitable evening was spent.

The Christian Associations very pleasantly entertained all the old and new students and members of the faculty on Friday evening, the 13th, with an excuse party. Being an unlucky day both of the week and month, excuses of all kinds were in evidence. Guests even had to be excused for coming. The walls of the corridors were prettily decorated with such excuses as, "We didn't have time to go gather ferns," "Carnations are too expensive" and other similar expressions. Games of various sorts were played which were successful in getting the "mixed up" effect so much desired in affairs of this nature. Light refreshments were served and all went home feeling that at this first reception we had made an excellent beginning for the good times of the year.

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